Enter Clifford,

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh ſaue his life.

Cliff. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ore his prey,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart,
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.

Clif. I, ſuch pitty as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut.

Rut. But t'was ere I was bor
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſak
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith G
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my
and when I giue occaſion of off
Then let me die, for now thou h

Clif. No cauſe? Thy father ſl
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*
And this thy ſonnes blood clea
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till
Congeald with his, do make m

Alarmes, enter the

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poſte to thy
The goale is loſt, thou houſe of
Thrice happy chance is it for th
That heauen abridgde my daie
But God knowes what chance
But this I know, they haue dem
Like men borne to renowe by
Three times this day came *Rich*
and cried courage, Father: vict
and twice ſo oft came *Edward* to
With purple Faulchion painte
In bloud of thoſe whom he had
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No
No way to ſaue my life? and he
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Cli
and So

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough *N*
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to
This is the But, and this abides
Northum. Yeeld to our merc
Clif. I, to ſuch mercy as his ru